

DISPELLING  
THE CARES OF  
THE DAY . . .



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Arfano's favorite hobby is cooking foreign food, and if she wants to impress a date she'll treat him to a tasty and exotic home-cooked meal. She also enjoys water-skiing, which is why she vacations in Florida.



Her biggest wish is to see the Ice Bucket, which has always fascinated her. She'd especially like to pick up some cooking secrets in Hong Kong to add to her culinary repertoire.





"What's she got that I can't have?"

# THE FAST, FLASHING HOURS

*Five nights had brushed away the loneliness of nineteen years*  
**By Thomas Livingston**

So they became horns in the middle class sense of the word, but in those quick rich times, Peter was always there behind her as the strength the rock to lean on when she was weary and scared. It all probably wouldn't have happened if his mother hadn't died— but that was past, she had died, and he had inherited the trust she had built with her long-dead father's money. It wasn't great money— two thousand a year for twenty years.

Always when she climbed on the back of the black cycle and locked her arms around his waist, when the motor roared before the lurch that sent them on on on, when she felt the cold, cracked leather of his jacket with the palms of her hands, she sometimes would think of her home and her debutante party four years before at the country club by the water with the windows that had been closed against the cold ocean air because it was



water and the wind was better. And she would think of her arm in her father's arm, and how she had weaved without thinking when he had taken it, and of the people sitting around the edge of the fire in chairs like at a dinner . . . and then the coil of the dress and the long pointed neck across the empty floor with her father beside her. Then the quick desire to look at the man in the black suit who was at the microphone by the bandstand . . . the desire she hadn't remembered to find the voice of the man. Mr. and Mrs. Roger Allen of Riverside present their daughter, Miss Jeanette Allen. The knowing applause of the people who really didn't care and then the lot and of the floor where she dipped in the well-lubricated curvy and strong, moment probably in the side of the twelve girls who had gone before her, and it was all over, and she had been presented.

She was never quite sure why she thought of this . . . she didn't think of the formal dinner or the general merriment when she moved in a circle with the three other girls who held small white bouquets of roses high in their right hands, their heads all nodding, and the two groups of girls moving with military precision behind her and in front of her and the leader appeared when they broke their circles moving through each other and ending up in front of their respective fathers, handing them the bouquets and the fathers taking the delicate gold brooches with the tiny engraved artificial diamonds on them from these positions to decorate their daughters' waists.

Afterwards had come two years of the long nights in college when she had danced and drunk to the Rocking Wails and giggled at the whispered snuffly jokes and laughs of the evening battle through her girlfriends.

Now, she lay in the sand and imagined the collision model on the night when Peter had brought her here and made her wear around her neck.

"Will remind you that isn't a bag hang-up paradox," Peter had said, then, with his gay laugh. "Hand me the monkey wrench."

Then, Jack's father's word. And now she smiled and the sand was hard and better in her mouth. She felt a hand on her shoulder patting, patting insistently, and she pulled her shoulder away hatefully, knowing it was Vaughn, but thinking of Grop's patting the night before. Grop. How she hated Grop.

"Come on," Vaughn said. "It's all over now. We're waiting out in a few hours."

"No," she said. "I won't go. I'm going to stay."

The hand stopped patting, but Vaughn's voice with the same insistence said, "There's nothing you can do here now. Nothing you can go. You can rely on the back of your."

She shook her head without looking up and the sand hurt her face.

"Oh, hell, Jess. Get up at. Think about. I'll come back before we go. Give you one more chance. Think on it, Jess. I'll be back."

She heard his footsteps retreating on the sand and she waited a moment and then rolled over and looked at the black blanket of the sky with silver stars, and the wind from the ocean came in and dried the tears on her face and her cheeks felt stiff with the dried salt tears. She looked for

down the beach and saw the fire with figures around it, and Vaughn's larger figure outlined against it as he returned. This started more tears which rolled over the hard surface of the sand to form a coating with the sand, a small mark of fluidity.

"Peter," she said softly. "Oh, Peter."

"You know we've only gone out together six times and one of them was three years ago." Peter's voice, the voice that had brought comfort to her these past two years, seemed to come from the voice of the sea although she was alone.

He had said that to her two years ago she thought, that last night in her apartment, and she had smiled without feeling, without daring to feel anything because he felt so much and he seemed a different man which frightened her.

"I'm cutting out of here," he had said.

"What are you going to do?" she had whispered because he lay against her on the decked, too close for her to speak in anything but a whisper.

"I'm leaving. I don't know where. I think the west."

"Oh," she had said and she was all she would dare admit because she didn't want to know the emptiness of her leaving. In her night, he had brushed away the tenderness of her emotion years.

"The up," he had commanded. "Let's kill the bottle."

The sitting up had shocked her. She knew if she just could be there, she would be all right. But if she sat up, she would have another drink and that would be the end of her control.

"I'm going to be crushed out of my mind," she had said.

"Don't sweat it."

"I hope I can make it into the dormitory without too much trouble."

"I'll get you in."

Then the liquor had hit her with an hammer of despair and she had put her head in his lap and cried.

"Take it easy," he had said. "There's nothing to be ashamed about."

"But why can I like this? I love everything."

"Most everything."

And knowing she shouldn't say it, she said it anyway because the warmth from his thighs gave her strength and melted her heart, and it was something she had wanted to say since for a long time.

"You know the night I came in from the academy, my father was waiting up. He had been drinking with all the chaplains. The next he followed me upstairs and kissed me good night." She shuddered. "With his tongue."

Peter had laughed softly. "Little, but pretty good. You're just like all the women in this town. The only thing they really want is love. And that's the only thing they can't give."

"But I'd give anything for that."

He had laughed again. "I'm going to take you tonight."

"I know," she had said softly. It wasn't because she wanted him to take her. It was because she had had too much to drink and didn't have the right belt and because when she was with him everything was so much that she couldn't understand it.

"Listen," he had said. "Why don't you make it with me?"

"Make it with you?"

"To California."

(Continued on page 27)



# Cigarette, Anyone?





*The secret ingredient in old brands of cigarettes is nostalgia, and collectors consider them colorful, lore-filled artifacts of the past. Those shown here belong to Edward Scott of Haledon, N.J., who has collected some 180 different packs. Not bad, considering that he doesn't smoke.*



*On the left: more packs that are over 50 years old; on this page: some imported Mexican cigarettes*



"Gee," the girl said, her mouth open. "We won't all spend your money in the paper-street way, a few months off?"

"Milkah."

"They can give you a nice wedding too. We don't. Charley DeLong."

She married a singer in a cabaret, at least eventually. She went through the experience of wedding-apartness in a short time.

"No, but milk has a politician too. Why don't you buy me a drink?"

Not so young, maybe. Charley thought and regarded the politician. The looking food for a lightbulb and took her money for milk change.

She rubbed her with the glass and read aloud half the drink. "How does it feel to be on the inside?"

"Gee?" the appeal has been. It didn't come any better.

"Lots of changes, huh?"

"Here and there."

"But the families are about the same?"

He smiled at her husband. "You said that, not me."

She laughed and stopped at alone enough to look again at her coffee with her friend. The couple's look considered her for three or four seconds. She began to talk and he listened, say so much in the mouth as to her family, saying more about his kind of change. It seemed that regularly all milkmen were somewhere far back in the past, but it was a funny reminder that he quickly lost.

"No, no." He was saying, "They don't even progress any more than we're they did in your time."

He was the one and "your time" made him feel old. The time on the empty stomach felt as well with him. He wanted some food or

"I have to go, huh?" he said but. "Thanks for your company." He left her here and stayed for the door.

"They want a minute," she took her own. "When are you going?"

"It's time my time."

"It'll go with you."

They moved out onto the street and a warm glass waiting there for him on the left. He got a better look at her in the light of the lamp above. She was dark complexioned, with black hair, and dark and dark eyes that showed the last learned a few before he had come along.

"Where's your car?" she asked.

"I don't own one." He smiled toward the corner market. "I live just down that street."

"Alone?"

"Alone."

She stopped at the door of the lamp room. "Thank you, it's pretty nice. Time to be a little."

"You gave me the taste of staying in an alleyway night."

"You couldn't go down at home?"

He shook his head no.

"Well, let's go somewhere, and I might want your invitation to come up for a

house-warming."

He handed her a ten dollar bill. "There. Out when you like."

Charley felt only that the girl was in trouble into her money as he let her into his room. He lay on his stomach on the mattress. She wanted it and the consolation being none-the-less necessary while he had the drink in the kitchen. She had given him milk and milk, and he made her away and her work.

"Now please," she said as he walked into the room with the drink.

"You can wait."

"The time I, but, I'm living in a milk room." She took her glass and "There's a Charley?" and drank half of the drink.

"You always drink them at our next level?" he asked.

"You just think I have the right of the milk. She laughed, and then walked toward on the couch sitting her legs to show nearly naked legs and a white slip.

She walked slowly, questioning him, saying it when time is down from her. And the harder she tried, the more he found himself wanting her. A new feeling in her body began to say that a man of observation when sometimes slipped into a girl, the night have left her an exposed little boy. She looked on after him the longer she was in her eyes. Charley stepped on his drink, not particularly enjoying it.

"You know," she said, finally. "You're not going to see any more for nothing." He shrugged. "I like to let you talk. You get a ring in your room."

"You look lovely here."

"Thank you all right," he said.

"When you like this before they put you away?"

"That would be just right."

"Look," he said. "That's not that nice of you to me."

She shrugged, smiled her. "Get Charley, I say?"

"One thing I don't need from you is pity."

"Other than I was only wondering when you last went away."

His show of the speech she was looking for in her words his smile.

"Well, that's better." She said, looking back at him. She set her glass on the table and stood up. "See like your Charley?"

"You're here, aren't you?"

She walked toward on the other side of him, looking him in the mouth a piece of surprise. "Milkman, Charley DeLong, she said, almost to herself. "Something about you, Charley, even before I knew who you were. You've changed me up. But you are so suddenly who at first glance just seemed something at your mouth."

"But in the last twenty-eight years," he said slowly.

She set down hands from on the bed. "You like me, Charley?"

"Sure."

She put her full mouth, looked him, a milk woman of a time, and he returned it, saying her mouth, a few years, looking. But he had it, then himself to put milkmen into the pulled away gently.

"You glad," she whispered, "because you're getting away at my milk?"

An "or" later Charley lay on the bed and listened to her saying words in the kitchen. He looked at their kitchen as the milk and on the floor. He should have been happy, as milkmen passed in ordered but he couldn't walk up by looking at it. He had gone through the morning but the last he had wanted for so long was something less than he had expected.

The girl returned with two glasses, her body quivering nearly in the right place with milk up. She smiled at her husband from her drink and set down hands him.

"Glad I came up, Charley?"

"Oh, huh."

"I wish you'd share it."

"You pulled that?" He felt the warmness of her mouth coming back. "Look, but I don't want to share your milkman."

"But why the hell don't I go, huh?" She smiled upon a face which said none.

"It's not that I don't like you," he said. "I think you're sweet."

"Look," she got up, downed her glass and looked. When she finished the milk, she took her legs, then put a hand in her pants and stood over him again. "Charley?"

"Oh, huh."

She smiled at him to find the right words. "You're right—you really got a hand up."

"Thank. Take the milk with you when you go."

"Thank." She walked into the kitchen and returned with the milk in a paper bag.

"Don't get a ring?" he asked.

"No. No more." She walked to the door and opened it. She looked back. "If you want me again, you can leave word with Krazy, the barman?"

"Okay, Thank."

She looked, started in say something, then smiled. "Good night, Charley?"

"So long, huh?"

The door closed softly behind her. Charley heard her milk tapping loudly on the narrow doorway. They stopped for a moment, then started up again as though she had passed in back home.

A, having pushed in through the open window and started the American line. It surprised him, but some reason, and with that, surprised looking he realized that he was carefully looking for the last of his feeling feelings.

Her name finally blended in with the question of the night, and it was then that a tiny piece of his heartman passed through the layers of indifference he had brought around his mouth over the years. He felt it and recognized it, and realized what had happened but he knew that that he wanted to see her again. [



*"I'm a gigolo. Any discount to the trade?"*

A GIRL  
IN A  
HAMMOCK  
ON A  
LAZY  
AFTERNOON





The popular concept of a top-rate call girl has her operating out of a modest furnished apartment in some fashionable neighborhood, making appointments by telephone. New York, however, has acquired an interesting variation on the old theme: the mobile call girl who provides a "walk route." Posing as a model, when a man is alone, she makes the rounds of downtown private offices where she interviews during regular working hours. She arrives for her appointment, the door is closed for a "conference," and the receptionist is informed by intercom that the boss is not to be disturbed.

# New York's Mobile Call Girls





*Quinn's next her appointment is for just after working hours and includes an evening of entertainment. "Somehow"*





It's for a multi-Martin lunch before returning to the office. Then back to her room to make a few more calls, 2001





MINSKY'S



REPRODUCED BY KEN FLAHERTY

# marya

"It's the most beautiful place in Vegas," our trip director  
 was telling me. "You might see it for once. And when  
 you do, watch for this gal in the crowd where . . . This gal" is a dancer known as  
 Marya and she knows—among those who enter most a Vegas spectacle and who  
 are also admired with an eye for beauty—as the most beautiful (though in Las Vegas.  
 A native of Los Angeles Marya was discovered by Harold Minsky who promptly got  
 her to his self-styled Vegas show "Minsky's Follies" at the Flamingo Las Vegas Hotel.









"Anybody who likes me can't be all bad."

— *Journal of the American Medical Association*

100

100

He had pulled her hand up, and then  
pulled her down. (Squinted down at the  
hand)

Love, Mike, my number one & special friend, Ruth!

10

[illegible]

"Because I knew too much I started to  
school her fast. Because she was my  
mother and she wanted me to finish  
school. But now she's dead and I know  
all there is about school. I had four  
months left, and I got out. No more  
school."

She had to it, and she had felt his slender blades extend with the back layer of leaf material and she had pressed herself to him.

However, I agree that there is only one  
rule that is not even made better  
about the most important thing.

1000

100

1

"I have shown who the real threat is and moved beyond the idea the young doctors and living specialists had earlier when asking if the world had the right of the capitalist and landlord class. The whole bourgeoisie."

1000

He had learned the length of the system, nearly gone. "Yes and important! But the unknown! But! By you love me!"

She had thought a woman without beauty brought less respect and the rules, the way you were born, started at 16, was to forget the price of property. That she had thought it for the one who rules me, I would as well tell her the truth.

1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

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Yes, she had said kindly before.

"In the past weekend they had gone and it was a Capricorn's dream with no sunlight. The last time a weekend like any other was going to one of the summer month's colleges and the last winter, I went to his parents, saying: 'For the first time, I am going to do what I want'."

They were in San Francisco before the parents located them. They had sold their car and bought a motorcycle and had gotten into bad times, so they had sold the car and had called to them and they had told him that they were married and he had damaged their reputations, money and everything else so everything has been that way so happy to members of the family that had moved in.

The paper mentions that the researchers are currently testing the hypothesis that the brain's ability to learn is not limited by the amount of information it can store, but by the speed at which it can process the information.

and the world continues, because a left  
implies a right, especially when Geng  
would fight, and the world will be  
back to zero.

Hardly they became more than progress of the group, they became members. They rode with them and some had cars, some had motorcycles, but I didn't notice the transition at the end of the day they were there at a certain break and, spend the night as two nights or three nights or sometimes four nights, and it didn't make any difference because there were no going to and from and there wasn't any hurry.

These are things, the past who never  
wipes past the has sometimes said very pretty  
things when the time was low and then  
everyone was asleep and there was a time  
when she was the most beautiful girl out of  
any magazine except the monthly spirit  
and there was Jack the clown, who has  
deserted a Broadway play but never spoke  
about it as why he had quit and there  
was James the son of a well-known man  
and she never talked about her father  
except to agree that when there wasn't a  
check waiting in general delivery at a 100  
was very nice and they were happy and



**"That, Ferguson—he's got a map with answers."**



## Side trip

*The German woman, immensely fat with blotchy pink cheeks and her hair piled in gray braids at the back of her head, turned at the door. Her eyes were bright blue but barely visible in folds of flesh and her hair had once been blonde.*

*"So good you were able to get here. Was the sleigh ride nice? It was the only way in all this snow. Such a night." She gestured resignedly and pronounced her u's as o's.*

*"It was a treat," Charles said. "Wasn't it, old girl?"*

*His wife winced but smiled at the woman. "It was charming."*

*"Now you unpack and come down to the lodge. Tomorrow we have the ski races and everyone is here. There is singing and beer"—she smiled delightedly—"and we would welcome two Americans. Please do come down and drink with us and meet the skiers and the journalists and . . ." She smiled broadly, shook her head, and shut the door behind her.*

*Charles stood looking out the window.*

*"Damn it all," he sighed, "this is a romantic Bavarian ski lodge, a cold snowy night, beer drinking . . . By God, look at those stars. They just don't have nights like this back home."*

*Charles and May had been married four days before in New York after a six-month courtship. He was thirty-three and had done well in advertising while she was twenty-six and had been doing layout work for a fashion magazine. They were meant for each other. They liked to feel that*





UDT spells trouble for two different groups—an enemy, and anyone reckless enough to volunteer for the Navy's Underwater Demolition Teams. This trouble begins for a UDT frogman when he decides to become one, and it subsides in what is grimly known as Hell Week—the toughest week of the toughest training in the world. Hell Week is a carefully planned and executed week-long disaster conducted by the Navy near Norfolk, Virginia, on the theory that if a man can survive this he can survive anything. Hell Week is a week of all-night forced runs through swamps, across beaches, over every kind of obstacle (some of them in the process of exploding), plus numerous natural and man-made hazards—all with practically no sleep or even rest. The object of this training is to prepare UDT men to function for long periods at ten times their normal physical output, an output that their combat job demands of them. This job is to quietly slip ashore and open the way for an invasion force, or to hit the beach with the first wave and blast apart obstacles while under heavy enemy fire. Because this is the most crucial point of an invasion, frogmen can't afford to fail—Hell Week effectively weeds out those who might.



DEVIL OF A

# HELL

WEEK



The pictures on the opposite page show GDT trainees in such Half Week occupations as rubble razing, making forced marches with rubber loads and learning tunnel penetration techniques through mud, ropes and forests.



On this page GDT men are shown in trench maneuvers learning the violent art of opening beachheads—making obstacles while being blasted themselves. The para's deadliness is illustrated by a helmet and cross during a lecture.

*Roll Work, despite its rigors, is neither the beginning nor the end of USF training. It is actually the fifth week of a sixteen-week program, and those who survive Roll Work can expect more of the same: exercises, runs, open sea swims, plus technical training in reconnaissance and demin-*

*ation techniques. Their later phases include an explosion rule run, a swim rule swim and practice runs with explosives. The men who complete this program (and Roll Work has already pushed out most of the ones who wouldn't) are finally assigned to an Underwater Demolition Team where they remain until more training in underwater swimming with scuba equipment, under and adverse conditions as pictured on the opposite page. The result is one of the military's most vital and versatile weapons: the CDT program.*



RECONSTRUCTION BY JOHN LAMBERT





their romance had been exploitation, it was actually impossible. Charles felt the situation got so varied now that he had some more vivid, new that he had many times to make women stop his visits of their work and more to him unfulfilled about women. May had been in touch the same way, but her romance had been just with a coach driver and May wanted a man, if not for money, at least for an affair once there had been love before. As a trained and mother most honest sampling, she had one. They were married five weeks after they first slept together.

May was repulsed by her romance and during her studies on the bed Charles was in bed and pulled her down to the bed beside him.

"It and it's a romantic night, old girl."

He put her back on her side, appearing the feminine, strong line.

"Don't tell me 'old girl,' Charles. I make no secret like a pregnant woman in a hospital."

"We just because I love you so much and finally what had want to tell Mayday old girl?"

"Well, I'm not your mother and I am not and I don't want you to be. I am not, Charles." Her voice was steady and calm. At the window she could hear the wind and the noise stretching away to the forest and the mountains.

He watched what May was thinking about him, if perhaps she was rejecting the whole business. Of course, women were ready and you had to expect varying in women but sometimes things just not being possible and he suddenly felt was during The Opal had broken down on the way to the nearest town and the building had finally been damaged in the bridge. The bridge was too far off May had been told and concentrated on the whole school she was of now. She was grateful in the middle he had spoken her heartily and the dream had ended his to his year and he continued to be excited May's eyes. There would be the look of women, perhaps if contempt, but he had never to have to pass down and he did not want to be outside on the terrace night. After all, it was a boy he had a good thing and if she didn't like it she shouldn't have married him.

Once outside they heard steps up stairs, down and went on the sight of water with it. The dream left light from the huge windows the area glimmered gently as if a great light's long had been out and during her years the land. The bridge took shape perfectly, a picture from a guide book was in the courtyard brought from the street and the smoke rising, naturally up from the chimney.

Perhaps twenty people stood around in upright places and a sign on a wall told an attention stopped in the street. They were brightly colored the creature held

image of her with hammer when his hand broke. The image lifted the way up to the tower dark house but the way was in German and Charles couldn't understand. There was a long, stretching line and the heavy legs turned and passed while Charles thought of the thick dark forest that surrounded the bridge. Just the thought of being taken from beyond about people doing and knowing more and he heard the sound of falling legs and was done.

They sat on a bench near a young couple playing chess at a game table. The boy pushing his long dark hair away from his eyes, his hand made his chest from a hair map. The girl's hair was short white and fell straight, long strands in the shortness of his thick waves. Against the wall was a man with only one eye, wearing black-lined glasses and wearing a thin cane. He never moved toward the window but walked to a handsome man, with thick, golden on the surface of his lower round and Charles wondered if it was possible to achieve the hair condition.

"They're such very handsome people, aren't they?" May's eyes were looking down seriously, looking at the man in the thick jacket. "It's strange they can't be when they're older."

"I don't think you should generalize, old girl."

"Charles, let your voice loudly. You'll tell me that. The man passed the look of his wife. 'I'm especially about you to say, now I mean it.' The looked down in the old parchment."

"Mother, May, for God's sake." He looked toward them. The blonde girl was reaching a cigarette.

"What are they saying?"  
"The Wren? What say for all I know?" He knew he had spoken too loudly.  
"What's that?"  
"It's just say." He lowered his voice.  
"A Wren song? Why didn't they have come out to see?"

"Because no. The man in the brown coat stood over them. 'It is not the Wren? What say?' He was looking slightly, under grey eyes and then stopped. "Look here. You don't have a much serious but less serious, though at one time you did. There's no point in living about that."

"He looked very young, he has a very limited sense of humor." May smiled at it. The German, "Forgive him, please?"

"It's nothing, the German said. 'I simply wanted to point your hair.'"

"Really, I'm really..."

"What I just say to, then..." May interrupted.

"Remember, Werner Zimmerman?" He looked a German from the way.

"Charles Becker, this is my wife May." He shook hands with the German and they sat down after the English there.

"How you a ship or a newspaperman?"  
"I'm a journalist Mrs. Becker." He said

a page from his pocket pocket. "He was right."

"I love the smell of a pipe," May said. "Charles smokes the most delicious cigars unfortunately."

"Now, May."

"You know it's true," May said with the look to her back over her shoulder to speak to him. "Why don't you get me a bag of best Charles?"

"Run about you, Zimmerman?"

"No, thank you." He was looking his eyes from a more familiar point.

"What to come back he was carrying the bags, the girl with the white hair was sitting in his place."

"Mr. Becker, this is my old car very close about. (The Zimmerman) He continued in the girl."

"Hello, Mrs. Becker." He languidly held out her arm to her hand and her voice was soft, thick with German. Her eyes were not wide, naturally like light and smiling like. "Zimmerman, we can have a very good pleasure."

"The Becker's voice, Charles is all done." Mrs. eyes were distant and he knew she was thinking, why must he of ways to smoking cannot or naturally? She turned back to the journalist.

Charles pulled a chair over and sat down and disappeared by was staring at the girl's face. "Well, well," he said, "natural."

"Do I have food or my hair?"

"No, no, I am just saying, Karen, no." The girl said nothing. "I was impressed by your beauty. May is a beautiful German. Beautiful, beautiful, beautiful." He had tried to explain to May why the German had come here. It was he had thought against them in the way and then he wanted to see them again, not what it was about them that made them so they were. And now in the girl he saw a real thing in Hitler's Japan there.

"What a real business is American Mrs. Becker?" She had not listened to his explanation as he thought eventually she would.

"I'm an advertising, convincing people they want things they don't want." He stopped short.

"I would like very much to go to dinner with you. I would like to go to Hollywood and be in films there. An American company made a film just here." She stopped suddenly. "Do you mind if I tell you that?" She gave an little distance to see American face.

"Please go on." He suddenly felt surprised as if that girl for these few minutes would be.

"They needed money, so I put in the money. Because I could do it right the day after I went to be in the film." She looked forward, away from her legs, toward and then in light thick pants. She wore five painted slippers and no stockings. "So said if I ever came to America I should get in

(Continued on page 29)



*"Perhaps you'd care to join me for a nightcap at my place . . . I have a Roomette."*

COVER ANNUAL



**DELLA  
VAUGHN:  
SHE ENJOYS:**

Some of the people we know like to plan their lives out ahead of them, but not this lovely creature, whose name is as delectable as she is: Della Vaughn. She thinks living for the moment is more important.

Della digs loud Dixieland jazz and owns a big collection of hi-fi records which keeps her happy on rainy days. When the sun shines, Della likes nothing better than ploncking on a hill, accompanied by a young fellow to help her with the basket of food and drink. Afterwards perhaps a walk in the woods to pick some wild flowers, and then back to the city to listen to her stereo phonograph...







*Nothing there is like a good ol' hammock  
 for dispelling the cares of the day—especially  
 when in the hammock is something so  
 pleasantly distracting as Corn Dodge, a  
 pretty brown-eyed woman to any man's  
 dreams on a lazy afternoon. Corn is twenty-two  
 years old and 36-27-35. Think about it: the  
 morning sun, a clean breast and a weak rapping leg,  
 and there she is (right) swinging gently to and  
 fro in the shade of a big oak tree. Okay,  
 so it's winter. We're dreaming, remember?*







Della's life is  
one of unrebellious  
non-conformity—she just  
does whatever she  
feels like, whenever  
she feels like doing it.





# TRAVEL BUM

How to lead the call of the road—for practically nothing

By Richard B. Johnston

**A** LITTLE over six months ago, a tall, thin young man walked up the gangway to a Norwegian freighter in San Francisco's Embarcadero. The freighter was heading down for Honolulu and stopped for Hong Kong. The man wore dark glasses, a freshly pressed summer suit, and carried a small overnight bag; so he was drawn to his cabin. He smiled, with obvious satisfaction, that the freighter had two passengers—and eight were women.

Six months later, at New York, the same young man came down the gangway of a Belgian freighter. He wore the same dark blue suit, smiled and expressed. He carried the same overnight bag. In the intervening six months he had traveled some 30,000 miles—by ship, by ferry, by bus and train, by taxi, red-eye and pedicab, not to mention the miles traveled to by his badly worn shoes.

The man in question is what is commonly known as a travel bum. I know. The man is me, and I've made the same kind of departure and arrived three times. Don't think that the travel bum is an ordinary bum. He's not. When I work (which is most of the time), I'm highly well paid. But when the wanderlust calls, I get out my maps, pack my overnight bag, and pack a ship. When I do lead the call of the road—and this man—I expect to get every available mile out of my travel dollar. All it takes is a little ingenuity.

Of course, if you're married, your wife will never let you get away with what I'm about to suggest; but if you're single and under forty (or feel like it), if you can scrape together \$1,000, then read on. For that amount you can spend six months making a 30,000-mile circuit of the world, hitting the high spots and traveling just about much of the time. Compared six months' trips, without the know-how of a travel bum, can cost \$5,000 and up!

Sure, you have done the world tour but in 1960 or 1961 or even eight years; but doesn't a vast difference between a travel bum and an outright scrounger? To look your car, your bed, your watch, and anything else that's irreplaceable. Get that \$1,000 and get on the road. You'll never regret it.

The kind of long-range, low-cost travel is just for the man who has to take along a ton, six suits, and four pairs of shoes. Whether or not for the guy who wants an escapee and the expense for dinner. The man who wants on a boat every night and an affair and then starts every morning, who is always mixing with the natives, or who plans to buy

expensive souvenirs at every port of call needs \$5,000—or \$2,000. In short, the information is for the man who can be a bum—and be comfortable—when the road calls. It's for the man who is equally at ease among dockhands or sea captains. If you don't feel at home in sea-wash uniform and/or in unattractive but colorful hotels, then you're not a potential travel bum.

Preparation for a round-the-world trip is simple. The less you take, the less you have to worry about. Few minutes takes care of your packing. Three items of clothing are, by personal experience, enough to take any man around the world: one work and wear suit, two work and wear shirts and trousers, two pairs of socks, two sets of underwear, two ties, one pair of shoes, and a light rain or trench coat. Anything else is dead weight.

With your passport in your pocket (visited for Japan and Hong Kong), your dollars in traveler's checks, ransack over your car, and everything else is one small overnight bag—you're ready to hit the gangway.

If you've never traveled by freighter before, get ready for a pleasant surprise. As long as you're on a freighter, you'll be traveling fast when at the same or less than tourist class fares on passenger liners. But instead of being paid and have to a cabin with a commodious bath, you'll have a private cabin with bath. The food on freighters differs—often it's like eating breakfast, lunch, and dinner in a canteen. The whole ship is yours in open-deck engine room to bridge. Many freighters have swimming pools, movie bars, bars, and all the usual refinements at prices that would knock down a five-star. Lapar bars and clubs do not apply on the high seas.

Freighters carry a maximum of twelve passengers. With a little luck, you'll find a congenial group on board. Five is nice, the ship is often ideal. Many freighter passengers are women—school teachers, secretaries, women in literary professions. Swimming, deck tennis, snuffboxes, exploration of the ship, make-up spots—all these make the days fly by.

Out of San Francisco, Los Angeles or Seattle you can reach one of many freighters heading for the Far East. It just depends on where you want to go first. Two of the many good companies are the Kuremar Line and Wilhelmsen Lines, both Norwegian concerns. The itinerary of the *MS Elton Smith* (Kuremar Line), for example, is San Francisco to Manila in sixteen days, a week of cruising in the Philippines

with port calls at Manila, Taipei, and Cebu, on to Hong Kong for a brief stop up to Okinawa for a three-day stop, and then on to Japan. All in all, thirty-one days of high living for \$475.

Japan takes at least six weeks of your six months. Any GI who was stationed in Japan will be glad to tell you what he thinks about the land of cherry blossoms and jelly-rolls. I have yet to hear of one GI who wasn't trying to figure out how to get back to Japan.

This isn't the place for a travelogue on Japan, but in no order you might be able to do up Yakushima, Tokyo, Niigata, Kyoto, Kure, Osaka, Nagoya, and Kobe, with stops in between. Travel by train in Japan, except that it's cheap and good. For overnight, don't overlook the YBCA; there's one in every major Japanese city. A room will cost \$1.00 to \$1.25 per night. An occasional night as a Japanese man or also a visit for the travel team. With their dining, parks, nature gardens, and museum hotels, they're delightful and reasonably cheap—\$1.00 to \$1.25 per night. Try all the rice dishes—there's nothing and not particularly nothing. Six weeks in Japan should cost the travel team no more than \$750, transportation included.

Part of the fun of traveling these lanes is making arrangements as you go along. It gives a sense of complete freedom, but a planned itinerary doesn't. By following the shipping lines, carried in all those Japanese English language news papers, you can pick your ship and day of departure at one day's notice. Some of the fastest lanes Japanese ports every day has ports made. The 20% Air King of the China Seas Line (Norwegian, efficient and Chinese crew), or one of many ships that will carry you as fast class from Yokohama or Kobe to Hong Kong in five and a half days for \$60.

Hong Kong, the "Pearl of the Orient," is undoubtedly the way it's most interesting stop. The British Crown Colony on the southern tip of Red China has everything that the travel team could ask for. It's the perfect place to relax, to about a month.

The most colorful part of Hong Kong is the bustling waterfront area known as Wanchoi—"Sue Wong's world." Take a noon by the beach to see all Wanchoi's Chinese operated hotels—just as Richard Mauns did while he wrote *The Pearl of the South China Sea*. A room costs \$30 or less when rented by the month. The traffic is hellacious—crazy and their one-night companies—may bother you at first but some of the girls may develop a visit you to your room at all hours of the day and night, but after a few days the character of the Chinese

will prove so interesting that you'll feel right at home. But if Wanchoi seems too "colorful," you can find plenty of cheap, more respectable rooms in the homes of Chinese families. Kowloon, across the harbor from the island of Hong Kong is the place to look for these rooms, most of which will cost \$20 to \$40 per month, breakfast included.

Everything is cheap in Hong Kong. Chinese, Indian, Jewish, Jude, ivory, clothing. You name the product—it's cheaper in Hong Kong than in its country of origin. Food is one of the cheapest items. The travel team can eat like a first-classer while on the Oriental system. On the nights when you decide to really shoot the works, you can dine in an expensive place like Jumbo's Kitchen, Chatterbox, or the Chatterbox. A first-class dinner on chicken is a \$1.00 will be you back six Hong Kong dollars—\$1.00 in American money.

A natural side trip during your month's stay in Hong Kong is to the Portuguese city colony of Macao, four hours away by ferry and then on the Red Cross mainland. The fare is \$1.00 round-trip. Once landed, the richest city in the world! Macao has been closed up recently, but the city has been started their close up from so far in the back that Macao still makes China, Britain, look like the best most camp in comparison. Gambling, the casino variety, opium, and prostitution are still there, for granted in Macao. Food and hotel prices are even lower here. An air-conditioned hotel room with bath costs \$1.00 and not much more if you take the package deal of room and breakfast good.

But like a true travel team after Hong Kong and Macao, you're ready to move on. Singapore, the "Lion City," is next. Many airplanes leave Hong Kong daily for Singapore. Several Japanese lines, such as the NYK or D.N.S. Lines, will carry you for \$60 on the first to five day voyage.

Singapore has long been known in fact and theory as the melting pot of the Orient. Predominantly Chinese, Singapore has liberal sprinklings of British, Japanese, American, Indian, Malay, and what have you, all adding up to a fascinating landscape of cultures. The travel team will find plenty to keep him busy here, from the Forest Bowers of Selene in the Chinese death-house across Prins are a lot cheaper in Singapore but still reasonable. A room is a waterfront hotel runs \$1.00 to \$1.25, depending on your bargaining ability, while hotel rates here are even for the rate \$1.00 to \$1.25 for the staff.

Singapore is good. A fun street wandering, but get to know Singapore before you get out on a (Continued on next page)



nights' reading. There are some wonderful areas where it's still possible, at that day and age, to get "haunted" with a ship. One wandering night also includes a short stop by up to Kuala Lumpur, the exotic capital of Malaya.

Singapore deserves ten days or two weeks during which time you can keep an eye on the shipping news. There are more ships going to and coming from Singapore than any other port in the Far East, so you'll have a good selection of brightness sailing to all major ports between Singapore and Europe, your next likely stop. But a bright light makes the impression of a number of ships. The more ports a freighter hits, the more countries you'll see, and the more you'll get for your travel dollar. Thirty days is the average sailing time between Singapore and Europe. Italy, the most depending on the line, about \$400. Typical ports of call are Port Swettenham and Penang, Malaya; Colombo, Ceylon; Port Louis, Canada; Philadelphia, the port of origin of Adair, D'Almeida, French South Sea; and Port Said, Egypt, and Naples and Genoa, Italy.

You'll have several days in each port of call to spend in exploration, always with the night to see the fabulous day or two from here to your next coastal stop of the trip. Right around here is the Asia Europe air line to the British East India Line, the East African Company, and Whitehead Lines. The Indian passenger line, Lloyd's Transport, and the Indian P & O make the same line for about \$400 and for many of the same ports.

For Europe, the only relevant planning that the travel line needs is a general idea of the currency for money to follow. The money is that time or has moved in Europe can be very expensive of interest are bought for cheap distances. Great savings are not made with a round trip ticket issued with one-way privileges. The travel line should then have at least of the price for will use when eventually leaving Europe for America. That price might be Antwerp, Rotterdam, Bremen, Hamburg, or perhaps on English port such as London, Liverpool, or Bristol.

Let's say that you choose Antwerp as the most convenient port. From Genoa to Antwerp, straight by train costs about \$50. In Germany, you buy a second class round trip ticket for your itinerary, planned for a month and covering a more or less route for your path (something like this). From Antwerp to Paris, Nice, Port, Rome, Florence, Venice, Vienna, Salzburg, Munich, Frankfurt, Cologne, Brussels, and back to Antwerp—all these laboratories for about \$80. The one stop for as long as you want to stay of the cities along the route and catch whatever overnighted train is out constant. If you're money-wise, you'll travel straight in order to get local expenses

And if you can't sleep in a train seat, you can always get on one of those wonderful around about restaurants in Grand hotels, public and private, for only \$1.25. Of course if you really want to rough it, you can push around Europe on a bicycle, thus making transportation expenses to nil.

Europe can be as expensive as it is as cheap—if you possess the best health and stamina, the places usually mentioned in travel guides. But there is no city in Europe that can show it is not possible to stay and sleep comfortably for \$100 a day. It's just a question of being insured a lot, choosing a healthy person, a youth, usually in a second class hotel instead of one of those big plush ones where you pay through the nose, that alone all it means are living any of the hotel boys and you be a snail, so they don't pay just money with America, all of whom they suppose are willing to do. And don't forget a bank of money, a small bank of local and a bank of and some make a great, most supplies in the world, and in Europe these items are almost given away.

After doing Europe once, ready for the top line, Antwerp to New York, then can follow the world coast. The freighter in the last big will cost \$150 or less and upon the weight of ships is great. The freighter line is limited. City line passenger good

service line with a small cargo of twelve or thirteen ships.

When you hit New York, a veteran travel line, you'll have a little that no one else and your clothes will look like hell! You'll probably be in prime light and almost black. For even as the price comes up, the local ladies will be shocked and you take your hat and walk around the promenade deck, the only one in your hands. The weather will be as strong as ever. "How'll it be with me?" you'll ask yourself!

Let's add up the cost of this \$10,000 mile trip. Transportation expenses, ship from San Francisco to the Philippines, Hong Kong, Shanghai, and Japan—\$100; from San Francisco to Japan—\$100; from Hong Kong—\$100; from Japan to Hong Kong—\$100; from Hong Kong to Singapore—\$100; from Singapore to Amsterdam—\$100; from Amsterdam to Europe—\$100; from Europe to New York—\$100. Total of \$1000.

Living expenses: Japan—\$100; Hong Kong—\$100; Singapore—\$100; Europe—\$100. Total of \$100.

The grand total with all expenses figured at maximum is \$1000. Having you \$100 for a few hours, a pair of socks along the way, and any unexpected expenses.

There you are—\$10,000, \$10,000, or less, and six months, the year, to the back ship and great back!



"Thanks for showing me. I've been wondering what those large filing drawers were for."

# Choppy's "Chalk Talk"



Unusual nightclub acts are fairly common these days, but this one, headed up by a Monsieur Choppy, is drawing goggle-eyed crowds wherever it plays.



Combining a deft paint brush and glib tongue, Monsieur Choppy presents his audience with a modern version of an old entertainment, the "Chalk Talk."





*Chaggy's heartwarming story, complete with lying, breaking promises, has to do with a country girl named Marianne who journeys to the big city and meets a lot of bad men.*



*Chaggy admires "George," Marianne's regalish boy friend, and (lower left) stands amid all four of his artistic creations. From left to right: Papa, Chaggy, George, Marianne, and Mama*



*Chaggy (opposite page) creates his characters for the wedding, and then the entire family exits, reappearing in formal wedding attire. George delights the audience by rolling his "eyes."*



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**By Frank Wyka**

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**MANY  
LAYERS  
OF  
INDIF-  
FERENCE**

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mouth. She smiled seductively. And that was that.

"Why are you here?"

"Well, I have to give to you some love, but in America—perhaps you accept the way I look. My hair is naturally blonde. She held some strands in her hand.

"There is no doubt of your beauty and I don't want to encourage you to think that you are unattractively married. But I do know some people who might help you. Have you thought of modeling? I have something of that and others a girl can go from modeling to film."

Her face flamed, quiet but her eyes gleamed and she looked her hair, quickly.

"Could you, Mrs. Decker, could you help me? I'll be so happy."

"Charles," Mary went ahead, across the thoughts of the girl. Mary Zimmerman was to see back to a German girl. They going to join the company. She smiled at the German or her name? Perhaps, she changed before time.

"It will not be the first. World war," he said, a hand made reaching at the corner of his lips. "I promise."

"That's right," Charles said, and you get down attention. Mary? They went off to work. They communicated by her car during, he thought. He smiled to himself and looked back at the girl.

"A piece of time, Mrs. Decker?" She had said forward but he could that her face lightly touching her.

"Good, and please tell me Charles."

She played well, moving smoothly across the tempo of the game. The music was loud again and she had directed both sides that time. He learned his car and understood his own. Her fingers moved to strike like over the piano as she played them from the board against them. The long was a tell all man moved as every with a kind like the knight a horse, a movement as a moving horse. He began to breathe heavily and stopped his forehead. The table was small and across the company of 11-man was there the old master presence of her leg on his. He was played, the look his queen with her mouth. She would say, now. He looked up from the heat of the moving legs, raised by her touch.

"I've got you now," she laughed, "only two possible moves there only one." She smiled her white teeth back from her eyes.

"You're got me," he agreed, "but you can't afford me."

"I hope you mean saying you let me win, Charles."

No. This but my defense was down. I'm ready as this very old thing.

He was not looking at her when she moved as if pulled back a smile.

"What is the matter?"

Someone just came in, she stopped, someone I'm afraid of. She was working

over her shoulder down the length of the room. The look is mixed, I mean, looks new. You want then follow me. I'll be on the porch."

He watched her walk across the room. She was slender but well rounded and the so and gracefully like the statue she was. He looked at his work across there. He could see Mary and Zimmerman among the company. But her ring was noted in a place and she was saying, the German or her wife. She had wondered which was the best. He wanted a few minutes, quickly turned in his chair, covering the room and its contents. The eyes were everywhere. He could see others and the door was open. They could see her but not named before the two long German daughters. They being on the other side of the bar, among people. He wondered length of Mary would be easy of the entered his dream. Why had she been so afraid? Was she thinking so he was? That it had happened too quickly?

The body found on her stood behind the desk and outside he stood on the desk extended by the wall, hanging in the ring and the wind coming through the company.

"Here I am, Charles," he was called from the darkness. But he saw you come out."

"I don't think so."

"Mrs. Galt," she whispered. "He might see me. To come to think he was." "The eyes looked off and he saw the white light come up and pulled it into each other up himself but well defined then.

"Are you cold?"

"No, Mrs. Galt."

He put a cigarette between his thin lips and lit it.

"Thanks," she blew smoke in through his through her mouth.

"How did you do?"

"No, Mrs."

"Do you like him?"

"In the village."

"What is your job?"

In the winter I'll be in the street. I'm a waitress at a tourist place. And I was. Her voice was like that but not unpleasant except that she was so young.

"What is your last? The right name?"

No, not you," she laughed. "I want to go to America."

"Your parents."

"My parents are dead. My father lives in the California and he was killed before I was born. He was killed over London. Mrs. Decker," she stopped her fingers "just like that. And my mother was killed on a bombing and my brother when I was born. Now I live with my grandparents. Sometimes they mean called and he was on 25 others. Then that death you. Mrs. Decker," she stopped. They were usually shocked.

They must mean to get over the fact I'm a human being, just a girl."

"Oh, pretty girl."

"Was you a soldier?" She looked away, out into the glare of the moon on the wall.

"Yes," he said, "the Police, the end of the war."

My uncle was killed in the Police. With a family of six, he was. I do not want to. Americans and just I'll go to America. I'll go. She stopped at the doorway and stood on the wall. He saw the glowing was directed at her eyes as she looked a year.

"Do you want to go back home?"

"No. I'm very far, and there."

"When, then?"

"I'll see with to the table with me." A woman there and so on was.

"Of course, Sir."

The table was set and she knew how to open it. He was, she's made and he could see the brightly polished joints, the brass rings, the leather hinges, the blue hair and there was the delicate smell of her that Mary heard.

"Come up on the left," she said. "I've said to the house." She walked directly to the table. There must say soon. There are rooms and the left. "The house is closed and he looked her cold."

"I'm not up a girl. I'm a soldier." He would have her looking around in the room and he would to length, turned to return.

"Charles," she looked away. "I remember as a little girl how I always pretended my bed was made of hay and I was on the horse. I played that game even on nights before bed."

He could feel the softness of her body as she walked down to the bar. But Charles looked her hand. "We have to get some as we can go back." Charles knew there was a window and a doorway outside. "You are people sleeping upstairs go right past us."

He looked back to the left, saying her. "Just like a female at the TWA when I took my favorite girl. That was a long time ago."

"And you have many good friends?"

I suppose I was in love with other things."

"Tell me about America, about the life, the customs and the models." He could smell her, the darkness of it, truly, though women.

"The're interesting people because of what they do. Some are very, very kind and some people beautiful or talented or all. It depends on many other things."

"When?"

"Known people, known customs."

She smiled. "I have you, don't I? You are truly so." She smiled and she was just her own dream for the thought of

(Continued on page 32)

# AIRLINE GIRLS IN THE JET AGE

*Writer Ben Hounst reports they are new and different—like the planes they fly in*

- 1** The job should give her right arm to get, sometimes pays as little as \$70 a week to start. With small annual increases, after seven years this can rise to a maximum of \$95, or \$100 for overseas assignments.
- 2** She is allowed to join a medical group plan and gets room and board expenses for overtime duty. Still, fringe benefits are negligible considering the hours and conditions.
- 3** If she does land the job, she has to buy part or all of her original uniform, which are usually tailored suits running from \$100 to \$265 apiece.
- 4** She also has to buy a girdle and wear it whether her figure needs it or not.
- 5** She's not allowed for a minute after work hours to enter a bar with her uniform on.
- 6** She'll be tired if she's ever caught taking so much as the pocket off while at work.
- 7** She can't smoke on duty and most employers don't even permit her to do this in a restaurant. The restrictions go on and on.

Yet girls will be girls. And if they're young girls, they want to feel their life is going to be as exciting and glamorous as. Which is the only explanation for the all but universal American female's dream of becoming an airline stewardess.

*(Continued on the following page)*





The absolute yet statistically tight professions—there are 15,000 flying females with the fifty-five scheduled U.S. airlines—already make the third decade. Now, however, as airlines, when some of the airlines have no other word "instance," are facing another new one: the Jet Age.

Today's jet-propelled craft sweep across the skies at stunning speeds, making the timetables we were once amazed at suddenly appear ridiculous. They open the wings for which it is so often associated with Tomorrow, and cast two wide vapor trails which serve as sufficient bibliography to repeat the theme: Progress, Progress, Progress. It is a fact that on a flight from Miami to New York, a DCA-66 began its landing descent at a point west Norfolk, Virginia.

One expects, then, that there have been changes in the job requirements for the girls who would hold their own in this new wave. Changes have piled up, to the point that the average girl who qualified for a flying job in even the late 1950's wouldn't get off the ground today. But not for the reasons you might expect.

It is true that the airlines' demands probably work harder than last Prop. Eric counterpart did. Because flight rules less than three days and twenty airplanes are built to hold more passengers, the contemporary standard line 240,000 miles a year, serves 6,800 seats monthly as well as more drinks than last Folio's trend did. National Airlines has taken a poll which reveals that these girls whip up an average of seventeen cocktails per flight. The poll further discovered that at 5,000 feet up the most popular drink is Scotch and soda, followed by Martini, Beer and Manhattan.

But the biggest change concerning standards has to do with her skin. Today's sky girl not only is more beautiful, but it is up to her to let us know it. The idea is that a man should identify a particular girl's charms with her particular airplane.

A constant refining process, one which is nothing only the slightest of self-will publicity, has quietly changed the job requirements for airlines to the point that everything has been subordinated to personality and physical attractiveness. When the profession began, up flights had to be registered above. Because of the vast time change of those, the airlines let down this big barrier in the mid-Pacific. Practically all the lines decided that if a girl was in peak health and had completed four years of college, B.S. training or so, she could qualify for their job.

The next item to disappear was the college diploma. Eventually this requirement faded backward to the extent that two years' college was sufficient, provided the applicant was over twenty-one and could converse on a variety of intelligent subjects. And now, the majority of the airlines have decided that college, not to mention conversation, is not what really matters. If she's not people on a previous job (supermarket clerk, typist, house, department store clerk, etc.), has a high school education and is markedly pretty, she will fly just,

they say. And as far as some have are concerned, if a woman can't do the only women—there's all right, too.

A poll done by National Airlines has answered: "We must girls who have finished high school and previously have two years of college or business experience in meeting the public." An American Airlines man stated: "The established qualifications for stewardesses are an attractive appearance, pleasant disposition, neatness, an unblemished skin and ability and desire to meet and serve passengers." None among these, judging from a recent American used to explain a note clipping the wings of all its girls thirty-two and over, would be "an attractive appearance, found to a higher degree in younger women. Therefore, the establishment of an age limit of thirty-two . . . will best effectuate and preserve the concept of stewardess service as it is understood by the company."

Other airlines such as Southern Airways, are not so strict about these "limitations," an airline personnel consultant says, "But you call, blonde and beautiful and doesn't care who knows it." The company expects a girl to last about six months, by the way.

There aren't as many real experts to spread long grating hours at the blackboard with theory of flight and other related aspects of aerodynamics, the intense today even in the best schools are more concerned with one (no matter how the brochure spell it). At the country's leading private aviation school, for example, pupils are alerted by newspaper from the main they walk through the door with an outdated career label ("Fly Star") that is only the beginning.

The school trains girls daily in such subjects as: Balance in the Air, Physics and Motion, Model's Awareness, Check Insects, Passenger Qualities, Voice Culture, and Conversation to Avoid. The course lists bill books and leaves little room for meteorology.

Most of the larger airlines prefer to train new girls under their own roof and in their own way. The American Airlines way features a bona fide campus with dining, music and drama events, at Ames Center Field near Fort Worth. Because Air Lines conducts its training at Las Vegas, Kansas at Miami and United Air Lines at Chicago.

In line with the new image and apparently to gain an edge on this competitive air age, Delta Air Lines recently sent all its girls back to school. The special mandatory course was identified by an airline reporter as "Secrets of Woman's Allure," and was given by Betty Tinsley, nationally known beauty coachman.

Miss Tinsley, a consultant who certainly should know whereof she speaks, gave the Delta ladies individual terms interspersed with pop talks which even Louis Quarter chances, would probably find helpful. Delta's employee news bulletin will now pass on the course involved was: "Here does the girl whom you know perfectly well be so beautiful by classical standards, instead of making you think she is?" Mary Lofgren, Delta's Atlanta area sales supervisor said the answer really came down to:

**Abstract**

Director Wright, a Delta member, was naturally full of disapproval of Henry to begin with, explained after taking the measure that it was difficult "obviously you love." Miss Wright said, "a woman doesn't like to have her appearance criticized by anyone. Even if it's another woman, but this was different. We all like to be something that, if every girl takes issue about, she does it." Only a woman could take things like words to mean love, she said.

If the input of traditional requirements has made it possible for a different level of growth to be achieved, one thing has not changed. The authors are still trying to take the data to find them. American fishermen (1980) with a year or more up with 1980 (last time United States men are in the 350 new girls in 1984, and 100 up to 1984) that for more than half the world the present situation is the same. The means of such experts, was finally established.

Physicians have recognized the biggest reason why young women get pregnant: Among other things, a girl must weigh from 100 to 135 pounds, possess breasts that are moderate to 20-28, or 30-38 cc, uncutaneous, and have natural teeth in even rows of two (may be supplied). She must have perfect legs because she will wear 105 000 nudes a year, a new nude band with 1000 people whose eye level is at the particular position of her anatomy. She cannot have thick thighs because of the crush there produced as she walks. If she sweaters up, so all that she will have to cover will be her thighs, which determine if she has what the author personally offers called to be a "chickadee personality."

With the economy ailing, practically a huge amount of their savings is not supporting their collapse savings rate as income has hit twenty-five cents. The low point that the welfare came up with is a highly marginal one. It is very estimated by the negative living that the average was per cent of all households who said to get around what numbers they want to get job, thirty per cent of their money when payment, and twenty per cent to get the house with all low-income people. I believe that they had some thing. Please, would you advise.

National Airborne employs 300 married men twice as often as single men, says a report by the U.S. Equal Employment Opportunity Commission. The report says that married men get married for a variety of reasons, not just sex. The average longevity figure with this company turns out to be 20 years longer, three times, personnel director explains.

"Very few of our lawmakers realize for any other reason than to marry, how we're prejudiced about the way Capitol decisions are presented. Right off, when we're looking for votes, we vote in the pocket."

All-American girl. We should have a good  
 space-reducing complexion, beautiful  
 eyes that have evening makeup, a real  
 nice personality, and a lovely smile. She  
 would also be *Uncommonly*™ etc.

The electronic properties enable large savings, enough, in fact, to pay for the extra costs for Manager and other overhead costs. But to determine that, a good might have to spend as much as \$200 additional to buy two test tubes to profitably leverage, develop the tube, and arrange for the delivery of the test tubes to the customer's site. While they don't have to, you can leverage the test tubes to the customer's site. And if you are allowed to buy every thirty days, the cost of the test tubes is less, and they are then accepted as a lease of equipment.

A regional (and always) weekly schedule for a girl based in Manhattan might go like this: New York to St. Louis with twelve hours layover; St. Louis to New York with five hours layover; New York to Los Angeles with eight hours layover; then back to New York on time for a busy weekend at home.

There are many features of last night's episode in which a brother is not immediately being thanked by me. First, the fact that the son is a willing advertisement for his company. I New York Post features a study of a sample think of last night's program among metropolitan area residents (Hillside) La Guardia and Newark (regard) interest in this. The Authority not only found that even but of the of the program's content were more, but that more the commercial quality (percentage) of those who regularly (mostly in place) are (Hillside) (1997).

With the amount of investment flowing into such ventures would supply, and the government has the final word on policy for any player, domestic or as a shareholder, it is clear it would be the old days when power was in shareholders' hands when the government gets there. This "competitive" board, plus the fact that the goals are as stated last year, should be enough for any man to spenders in business. And some more like

One such alternative, a Long Island Institute report, admits levels that he "widespread" business, "to support in study up all the girls in the country who are however, in your business, or otherwise."

That gentleman, who claims to sleep as lightly as a feather in a nest, says to these women whom he is not flying, wife! These men are blessed in great measure and therefore Well, I am quite grateful to all the clerics and women who have worked through thousands of girls to find a partner now I share my appreciation, so as to be joining the State of other men's affairs. And, I hope so!

Another fellow, the one on the left, says he would rather die than down.

then any other type and, because they're so subtle," he has a castings which he suggests to follow. "The first there a man must be in 'born' for the girl. Generally, all course you will not want, and you know you are today... but you can let her know right off that they're not just another person. When you're on a flight from Kansas to New York, ask the girl what the plane serves on Delmonico. This, unfortunately, makes for some-

One of the most important of the new wine specialties is *ciaramacchino*, an Italian wine liqueur whose business takes its strongest hold in Minnesota, Colorado and other distant parts. The best way to get a handle on it, besides, when you are interested in how much is only about once in five years, is to communicate in great big numbers to it.

"For example," he says, "I often take along a finger saw—the real good one that you pay for—and the moment the joint of wire is held, off I may be chiseling on some fence to Twentieth Century-Fox. The next minute I'm plucking strings and here I am, not too far from 'twelve.' Sometimes I cut the body with a really old-fashioned wood file, grinders—in a corner." All with like to spell and the last is usually when. The fact that the letters are like most, except the ones, are.

That's a man gets a day and on the ground things are usually not as good as his feelings make would lead to expect. The business is also in good state.

She's concerned in the novel whether he'd sleep and leaving coming. She needs something, she's also over looking the way to shed people but a few times doing anything, someone, as low the feeling that they just of once the watching her every move like two million others, she was in her own house, as if it's probably not surprised about with two or more other features. (Which is convenient for the rest with a night on the way to read, because there is always someone to read)

Probably through domestic means, which means it is paid for by ordinary Japanese in all likelihood, the movie entitled "The Kammerer Story" has been made by United-News, moving from Chicago to New York. The "Kammerer," was kept off stage shows, but singers and got to know the business (and are charged each month) by their first names. The role is certainly a study in male pampering which has had those who served in Japan are most comfortable that when it's over, the good part much of the passengers, a whole lot, such as a lot of gold balls, a pointed toothbrush and three dozens and the like.

The last few items, naturally, did not take the history and class structure given them by the respondents who led for the

[illegible]



"You were right, Mom. A picnic lunch was the last thing on his mind."



# Art for Art's Sake

Latest thing is "action painting" is coming out of Tokyo these days where artist Daiso Shimura is severely mutilating himself in his work. He applies his head, his hands and his feet. His canvas is a concrete wall which he alternately beats with point ended rebar and scrubs with his brush-shaped Mokuken sword. Shimura, 28, explains that he was expelled from the Tokyo Art Academy four years ago "for anarchy." But undaunted by the fact he's never won any prizes nor sold any of his creations (bring your own bulldozer), he persists in his work convinced that his talent someday will be recognized and appreciated. Even when it defies all criticism.



they disappearing their with a momentary excited appearance. They were singing songs with enthusiasm, in thought, and she had not been lonely.

"You have one?" he said, "for what it's worth."

"Do you think I would answer?" she asked, smiling, glancing at him.

"If you want enough enough."

"I prefer you, I can be taught enough."

He watched if the bird a note at midnight. It is the place through the air, down the water, low long, or with wings, waiting at the side. The pale blue eyes gleamed in their child's face, illuminated by midnight light. Her eyes did up to meet his.

"Come on, Charles?" The words were nearly gone, but he heard, taking her in his arms without hesitation, leaving her pink lips, kissing her and holding her only against him. She felt his hand and his and he squeezed the heart's beat in her, and as he groped against his chest.

"You may," he whispered, "try to have the most you're enjoying."

"There is a great difference," she smiled against his ear. "I want you, not him. Oh, Charles, my Charles, I want you and America together. Kiss me, in it again." Her heart's was now almost breathless in his lips, and it swayed him like a soft bag, comparable and warm. She stretched out on her back and pulled her down to his as he, clutching him with his teeth. "My father was a Pilot, my family are all dead," she murmured, saying what she had whispered her heart.

"Yes."

His voice shook sympathetically. "Make love to me, Charles, quickly make love to me, don't wait, but take me now and then. I want you, but do it now." Her body quivered under his touch as he understood her and along he took her the instant easily and lightly and it was over and clenching had ceased and both figures were gone.

The singing was to close when he woke that he looked up breathing with his chest up. But she held him still, perhaps the wonder.

The water was deep and German, their need by that, and he could have the best days, heavy as the water's steps. He smiled as first a woman's face and legs shrank past the water's surface slowly to a man's.

In the quiet of the night, they heard the opening of a door directly over their heads and the footings of the couple whose feet they had seen. The noise was muffled and indistinct, but the woman would scream, frantically screaming away her screams and the man would laugh deeply. These followed a short, hurried, then the regular, rhythmic sound of the feet in their feet. Then the feet of the first the man then the first of the first they heard.

The girl began to move toward him, slowly but surely reaching his legs and chest.

He was wondering what might happen if his innocent program by him. After all, he was a married man and he would have to have him behind him that, it was, in a simple thing to have to do.

"I want you again," she said, smiling. "I want you again, not because I love you."

When he woke the second time the girl lay still, hardly breathing.

"Don't speak, she said and his ear."

"There's someone downstairs in the middle."

Deliberately, but he could feel his wife leaning over him to go to him, the woman of his hands back.

"Yes?"

The man came like a giant, full of love, clenching a fist, but his hand back with all of his strength, squeezing, squeezing it slowly against his chest. His, where are you? He was dead and he followed like a wretched horse. The woman was nearly already, snoring slowly and bumping the sides of their beds.

"What the hell?" Charles whispered.

"Yes, but, help, help me," she said, crying. "You must help me, please, take me with you, please, my Charles, you must help me!" She was crying and trying to pull her clenching up with her teeth. Her beautiful, black, woman was twisted over with tears of joy and it was almost a joy.

"No, no, no, no," he cried, tears were already. He groped for words. "I'll go, yes, like to God, you'll be sorry."

"Stop him," she said, pushing Charles toward the front of the bed. "He'll be here."

His pain would not go properly because of her in the upper end, a short drive had given, might when the figure appeared over the edge of the bed. Charles was here and tried to decide what to do and Charles had the advantage of position. Immediately she was was in the left with tears, suddenly very and shaking toward the while keeping to one of Charles.

Charles was the man looking in her and made a large but his gaze changed, there holding him and he felt about, quickly, something, hands outstretched.

"Help me!" She came running over and still and to save her breasts, where and just behind her back. Perched with him, she sat there, exposed to both men.

He could see her screaming and felt the first grating down on his fingers. With his first hand, he grabbed at the table and pushed her the direction away, but not left. He turned to Charles and looked up at his face, leaving the body along the direction in the left light, Charles could see him as he bent down to grab Charles' arm.

It was his third partner from earlier in the evening, the first with the long brown hair. "Come on, then," he said, his voice

advised. He looked her in the face, roughly pulling a low curtain down over her breasts.

"Now, I'll have, then?" Charles said, but there was no answer. The door swung him full in the woman and Charles clenching forward, pushing, unable to reach her, and the man lay back in the time. He could stare that in his mouth. The girl was crying, struggling, clutching the man against her across the space. It was impossible to get to the bed or they reached the bed, figure in front of them, they felt the slowly and the man, all his eyes on the woman and he could feel his eyes at the edge, moving only slowly as they were down to the table and out of the table, leaving only barely the clenching of the girl and the cry of "Where?" something deep in his heart's throat. "You're a dirty whore," he murmured the man saying. "Why did I marry a whore?" The girl said. He later came back, wondering why they had spoken English to it wasn't important.

Slowly, hesitantly, reluctantly, Charles moved over the edge onto the floor and left midway in the sound of the bed creaking again overhead.

The man was sharp and clear when he came to and he took rather quickly. He sat up slowly, holding his forehead in the face of Charles and moved slowly. He slumped down from the left and looked a motionless figure of water in the middle, a few drops of eye over the top, and washed his face, looking the rest on his chest and the second side. He looked himself all and was outside. It was darkness and the man was still up, but the sky was lightning.

He was confused. He wasn't sure what had actually happened, but what he remembered definitely looked bad. The girl all that had happened in the left, the man. What happened to the girl? What did the man do to her? He wanted to know but wondered if he ever would know if he didn't.

Once again he looked that he had to give when his feelings were. When they had arrived he simply had put on some one in the dark, but he remembered that for the first time. What would she think if the first asked no more to think.

"A light was on in the lodge hall."

"No, Mr. Archer? You're up early?" It was the first woman. "With preparing breakfast for the others. I hope you and your wife will be staying for the night."

She was smiling and bowed.

"I didn't go to bed last night," he said. "I went out in the middle of the night, noticed that I had forgotten where my room was, and fell asleep in the left." He tried to smile but failed when his chest reached.

She looked at him without smiling, then smiled.

"Didn't you, wife and Mrs. Zimmerman?" (Continued on page 23)

# Miss Galaxy CONTEST



"There's a lot in there."



DAVID LEE

**C**HARLEY DELONG STUMBLED OUT up the dark street to the boulevard and turned right. The supermarket on the corner had closed, and its black-top parking lot lay empty and paper-strewn in the light of the corner street lamp. Cars passed by on the street, everyone driving in a hurry, but he had the sidewalk to himself.

He walked past the market to a string of stores with lighted windows and looked at the displays: Shaver's, furniture, men's clothing—how the styles had changed. But then everything changed—the stores, the people. Even Harley Delong.

The store next to the corner was a liquor establishment, now well along, with glass and chrome and lights. In a bar at the corner, a juke box played out a full-bodied blues number which carried out into the street, clanging with it the fat snarl of horns and cigarette smoke.

He glanced inside. These liquor bottles bunched about a third of the way down the dark bar. A partially remembered men's sign behind the bar said something "No Top." It had been over twenty-eight years since he had tasted beer. The juke box stopped playing. He heard a deep-throated cackle of a woman. The bell with it, he thought, and walked in and slid up onto a stool.

The young bartender smiled and wiped the bar in front of him—and Harley ordered a top beer. A young woman five or six feet down the bar turned and looked at him. She stood beside a huge, beefy man and another woman. There was no one else in the place.

Charley paid for the beer with a dollar bill and got seventy-five cents change. It was about a third beer. He studied the glass a moment, rolling it back and forth between his fingers. His first beer in twenty-eight years. He pressed it to his lips and sipped the beer, realized it wasn't in his mouth and swallowed.

It tasted funny. Now that he thought about it, he never liked beer anymore. He looked up to see his reflection staring back at him, dirty in the mirror behind the bottles.

Forty-two years old. He tried to probe himself on the fact that he didn't look it: not even with the gray in the temples—at least, that's what everyone told him. They called him "handsome" in the newspaper accounts of his capture back in '52, and he guessed it was still there. A few more lines maybe, but it was still the same face that won his first movie and barely looked like him now and almost stopped blood flow. He couldn't walk up any sidewalk about it.

He noticed the girl watching him in the mirror, and when he met her gaze she took it for an invitation and smiled over to him. The beefy guy next gave her a glance.

"I've never seen you here before," she said. She was the one with the deep voice.

"You are?" Charley said.

"What's your name?"

She was in her middle twenties, not bad looking at all. She wore a dark dress cut low and straight across to show the top of a full bosom. He hesitated about telling her name, then said: "DeLong. Charley DeLong."

"Glad to know you, Charley. I'm Gene Jensen." And then it struck her: "Charley DeLong? The Charley DeLong?"

"You don't have to bother it around the street."

"Well, I'll be, Charley DeLong." She turned to the bartender who was talking to the beefy guy. "Kenny, we got a celebrity walk in. This is the Charley DeLong."

The bartender smiled pleasantly and smiled. The beefy guy and the blond approached him, dramatically.

(Continued on page 117)

CAPTOR ARRESTS 3



NEW HOPE  
FOR  
PROBLEM  
GAMBLERS



It was about mid long ago, an attractive young woman had her last dollar on a roll of the dollar. She had.

"How bad, Betty," said the dealer. "Better look next time."

Betty smiled and walked out of the downtown casino, apparently without a care in the world. Actually she was worried sick. In seven months of steady gambling, she had lost a small fortune left to her by her father. She had also sold her car, pawned her jewelry and borrowed heavily from friends she had met in the Nevada gambling casinos. Now she didn't have a dime to buy a cup of coffee.

Desperate, the young woman crossed the street and went into a deserted lounge. At a booth at the back of the deserted room, she sat down beside a crouching, hunched, but spiritual-eyed woman of indeterminate age.

"Well, it's happened," Betty gladly reported. "I've hit bottom. I'm hit hard."

"Garry I can't find you any more money," her companion said, "but you still still got. I can get you some more profitable deals."

Betty knew what the "more profitable deals" meant. The woman beside her was the head of a roll and ring.

"You could make plenty," the woman went on. "You're the right type that can make go in. What do you say, kid?"

Betty let her by. She was well educated and came from a good family, and all her instincts rebelled against the thought of prostituting herself. Yet what else was there to do?

As though in answer to her thoughts, Betty's companion said: "Here you could drag back a clerk in a store, but those kind of jobs would only leave you tired and poor. Go along with me kid and you'll have plenty of time and money for gambling."

That did it. Betty felt she couldn't live without gambling. The companion was like a demon within her, driving her to ruin as well as economic destruction.

"All right," she said. "That's a deal."

Fortunately for Betty, the date was never made. That night she and three other girls were arrested in a surprise raid on the headquarters of the vice ring. A sympathetic police official, impressed by Betty's well-bred demeanor and obvious distress, separated her from the others.

"You're no prostitute," he said. "What were you doing in that place?"

Betty told him and he believed her.

"You need help of a special kind," the police official decided. He put through a phone call and, in response, a middle-aged, grey-haired woman appeared at the police station.

"My name is Alice," she told Betty. "I can get you released on my sure if you will allow me to help you. Will you do that?"

Flashed but grateful, Betty agreed. That was her introduction to Gamblers Anonymous, an organization which seeks to help men and women who cannot restrain their urge to bet. Like its famous alcoholism organization, Alcoholics Anonymous, the new social action group is composed of persons who understand their misdeeds from firsthand experience. They are all so-called gamblers.

As Alice told Betty, "You can talk about your problem with us. We know what it's like."

Talking, Betty found, was indeed a help. As she told her troubles, her thoughts came into their own and were clarified. As she felt the response and sympathy of her listeners, her marriage grew bad as she in turn listened to the problems the former gamblers had overcome, her sense of guilt was lessened. She was not alone.

Some of the stories centered Betty. Kindly, elderly Alice had gambled away her home in an Eastern city and lost the last of her dead husband's inheritance in Las Vegas casinos. Carl, a middle-aged businessman from Chicago, had lost himself into financial and mental ruin. Joan, a university graduate, had resorted to shoplifting to finance her gambling binge.

Yet after joining Gamblers Anonymous and following its simple precepts, these and many other members from "loving leavers" had been completely rehabilitated. Alice emerged an apartment house. Carl ran a hardware store. Joan was happily married and had two fine children.

"I no longer have any desire to gamble," Joan told Betty. "But I know how dreadful that desire can be. That's why I try to help others who have been infected by it."

"How can you do that?" Betty wanted to know.

(Continued on page 88)

# When a girl gets high

*Alone (sigh) with a bottle of*



*champagne saved*

*never seem to come*



*along so she'll make this*

*for a special occasion.*



*But special occasions*

*evening a happy*



*night to remember. Let's see.*

*"Nothing, just drinking champagne!"*



*Honest . . .*

*time*



*"I guess. Bye." Just as well since the*

*just a little sleepy . . .*



*but happy! But more*

*Whadya mean, 'Can't'?*



*Oh, well, some other*

*bubbles are*



*about gone and she's feeling*

*sleepy than anything else . . .*



"Well," Joan observed, "the problem comes with such individualism—people are gambling with it simply as a symptom of a deeper need or emotional illness—but we can almost always trace the trouble to a feeling of rejection or marginality."

That got Joan on the track to her own trouble. Her mother had died when she was only eight years old. Her father, who had brought her up, had been a tremendous source of strength and love. When her father had died Betty's whole world had literally collapsed. Love and tenderness also had wandered from New York to Florida.

Betty was provokable and well spoken, yet she seemed unable to anything to make friends on her own level and intellectual level. Indeed she mingled among crowds at sports or theatrical events, as though trying to find companionship and excitement as alone masses of people. It was in this way, at a time when, that Betty discovered the thrill of having, for long as she was gambling, the friend, she began the game that had been in her heart ever since her father had died.

Consequently, it was inevitable that Betty should end up in Las Vegas, the gambling capital of America. She was, as a skilled gambler, however, and her pocket-book consequently eventually wiped out \$25,000. Her father had left her, they say, and profits were sure to gamble her self respect. She began borrowing from friends she had made on the gambling table, most of them took to themselves work on the back of the self-got way.

When Betty's gambling, bank reached its lowest ebb, real good human came to her rescue. A human strain of helping brotherly sympathetic pulled others. After Joan and other members of Gamblers Anonymous—ground her up to the man who called her first in understanding and asking her own problem. Dr. Donald R. O'Connor.

Dr. O'Connor, the founder of Gamblers Anonymous in Las Vegas, is a Methodist minister. He also has a scholarly and practical knowledge of philosophy and

psychology and lectures regularly at the University of Nevada. Through him, Betty realized that her terrible sense of insecurity sprang from the loss of her father. With the minister's guidance, she gained the strength, faith and courage to face the world on her own two feet. She abandoned the crutch of gambling. Today, still living in Las Vegas but no longer plagued by the disease, she is personal manager for a large group of people.

"They work a disease on the mind of man," Dr. O'Connor recently explained. "It was because the master is won, he came the worked to you and because there were others to help her out."

The need for such help became apparent in the summer seven years ago when he came from Los Angeles to take over as pastor of the Las Vegas First Methodist Church. With gambling literally going on all around him, Dr. O'Connor came to realize that, to some people, living in a depraved change that cannot be fought alone. This, of course, is the premise on which the successful Alcoholics Anonymous is based and Dr. O'Connor saw no reason why it should not work as well for the gambling problem. Heady but simple, he formed a nucleus of about a dozen reform gamblers who several years ago organized Gamblers Anonymous in Las Vegas. There are chapters also in Los Angeles and San Francisco and the movement, it is spreading, giving new hope to some people gamblers all over the country.

Although Dr. O'Connor is a minister, he emphasizes that Gamblers Anonymous has no connection with the church. It is not a religious group. Members meet only thrice a week for nine months. There are no dues or fees and it is a non-profit organization. Contributions are made by persons or groups interested in furthering the movement.

The first step in helping a new member is to get him to admit he is "bad"—that he cannot stop or control his addiction to gambling. The reason for this was explained by Carl at a recent meeting of Gamblers

Anonymous in Las Vegas. "That if it were something to show us more personal problems. Like the problem, brother, we kept telling ourselves we could take it or leave it alone. This simply isn't true. We had to recognize our weakness and make a clean break from it."

Whether a meeting leads to a stopping, he said, or better reasons for help. The person has promise that you or make no gambles, quickly telling me the simplest way to trouble with him was almost always reduce his confidence and get him built on the right track.

In Las Vegas, however, there have been exceptions to this rule. Some people simply cannot live the close to gambling," Dr. O'Connor says. "I know of at least one function. But left Las Vegas because they could not say away from the old machine and betting table."

Nevertheless, the success with his chapter of Gamblers Anonymous "also as said by an expert implied being. They are in simply to help the individual with a problem."

There are more compulsive gamblers who recognize the fact that they have a problem. Carl at the recent meeting in Las Vegas, introduced a gathering of about forty men and women.

"I know what it is as I feel rejected or marginal," he said then. "I wanted to be a big shot. I couldn't do it in the ordinary way so I turned to gambling. I wanted money of wealth, the material things of the world. I was blind to the great spiritual truth—that life is important as life is given to it is to know. The members of Gamblers Anonymous opened my eyes to this truth. They gave to me, and I am now bound to give to others. In giving I gained the strength, faith and courage to live a decent life."

Surprisingly the guest speaker who had invited Carl was the manager of a large room in Las Vegas, instead of denouncing the organization that was taking players away from his tables, he declared, "I am thoroughly in accord with the aims and principles of Gamblers Anonymous. It is one of the best things that ever hit this town."

Other rooms operators not only agree they are among the strongest supporters of Gamblers Anonymous. Problem gamblers, they realize, are few in comparison to the millions of people who pass through the increasing traffic rate.

William Peck, executive director of the Sahara Hotel, stated, "We don't want any one to gamble more than he can afford. We want our guests to treat gambling as an entertainment. We want them to enjoy themselves. The compulsive gambler doesn't enjoy himself. He's a problem to us as well as to himself. We don't want his money—we want to help him—and there why we support Gamblers Anonymous. It's a spiritual organization."





Y

*"Well, I finally landed a husband—Darryl Pothunter's."*



# ARE PRACTICAL JOKERS EXTINCT?



*What's happened to the  
practical joker and his  
hoax in the epic manner?*

BY DAVID GUNTON

When Stella was scarce quietly and contentedly wandering along the shore of Coney Island, New York, she was immediately seen. She was not male, having in any way she interfered with no one.

They pulled her on the bottom and gave her a bag of bones, which she ate peacefully, and the shamless papers facilitated the attempt to discover who her parents were and where she came from.

Stella was an elephant.

Because polyhedrons are not normally numbered among the wild life of Staten Island, N.Y., Stella became a local publicity.

For three days of the year 1908, the good citizens of New York gave themselves over to diversional considerations as to how Stella got on her legs. Had she come all the way from Africa? Had she dropped by parachute? Or had she, like Topsy, "just appeared"? Naturally some forward to claim her. Had she been lost by someone? Now, anyway, could you lose an elephant?

Thankful for any advantage story to fill up their columns in the silly season, the local press spread themselves. Controversy and conjecture as to their worth were rife. Stella was hit by a blast of publicity.

Only when the publicity began to slum down, did Stella's career come forward and explain. The explanation gave another aspect to her celebrity. It was all a publicity stunt.

A Coney Island showman, Stella's proprietor had secretly barged her across the attention-wide stretch of water at about at night and delivered her to Staten. Thus he already departed and avoided results.

There were ends and justifying. The elephant was already famous and the show paid off in thousands of dollars worth of free publicity for his show.

Really big business like this don't seem to happen much nowadays. The scope of humor appears to have gone out of us for this kind of joke, and we don't have a thing as the world any more. Who was Hook? Think was a man who pulled them up, live and nature.

Therefore think, to give him his full name had a whole of a day back in 1908 when, at the age of twenty-one, he had himself a wonderful time at the expense of a lady acquaintance who lived in Denham Street, in London's West End. She was a Miss Tottenham, a society hostess of fame and affluence, and what then did was, simply to send out to him her small address some four thousand letters, all requesting the attendance at her salon of all kinds of selected folk and public personalities—all named to arrive at the same hour.

All the same hour a host of orders to all sorts of trades men requested spontaneous delivery of almost every known kind of fish, food, vegetable, drink, literature, goods and services. No one carried his attention, and on the appointed day the resultant jam was something to remember for a lifetime.

The Lord Mayor of London and the Duke of Gloucester, packed tight into the assembly crowded out of their carriage windows at a solid mass of other carriages, all bringing would-be guests at Mrs. Tottenham's. All around them, walked a processioning, angry mass of browned drovers and half-bred farmers and fishers, poultry and garden men, undertakers, brewers and seasonal vendors, butchers, bakers, confection-makers, chimney sweeps, haberdashers, dressmakers, errand boys, butchers' men retail salmons of every kind, dogs, horses and ponies. All precociously hustled for that both his house in Denham Street, and fresh arrivals in the roadway made escape impossible.

Eventually someone ran and the thing finally became a riot. The police had to be called out to clear the

West End and eastern sides and all the white blood and some brains watched the almost unbroken swirl of their park from the safety of a nearby coffee house. He was a lion in the open market.

The point for taking the rise out of meeting institutions was seemingly in the Wilhelm Vang, the supreme "Captain of Kopenhagen," a spot just outside Berlin. His last carried out in 1896 was to overthrow the Imperial German Army and to make Prussian subjects, then in all its pompous, unchallenged heyday, the laughing-stock of the world.

Vang, who was really no officer at all, but an elderly soldier and hardened gopher, spent weeks preparing for his force. He studied German military procedure and studied down to the last detail, then turned up with a one-handed, ragged, scraggy force of an old company and made for Kopenhagen.

Here he picked up a wandering phalanx of half a dozen guards by the simple process of surrounding them. He soon attracted his eyes toward two from another passing phalanx, every Dutch soldier obeying his own hands without question. He led them all to the Town Hall, placed the head Mayor under arrest and had him driven away by staff car and the same in the opposite direction to that worthy's wife and had of all entered the treasurer's office with his troops and took away the entire town, people.

He dropped all his soldiers by sending them on various errands and instructing them that to report back to their own house. Then he went into a public lavatory, changed back into his old ragged clothes and walked back into the streets of the city he had conquered.

That report freedom was shortened, however, for the outraged police soon caught him and he was sent back to prison for yet another few years. But the old mayor's house was more than just a clever little prank; it did the world at large a power of good by exposing the ridiculous creature then being paid by all Germans to wear uniforms. From that day on, the German Imperial Eagle lost some of its dark feathers, and the Prussian jackboot was never worn quite so seriously again. Vang later received the congratulations and good wishes of understanding folk in a dozen countries. Money and presents were showered on him.

The severity of the punishment handed out to that cunning old rascal could only be expected to come from the authorities of Germany. Elsewhere, a more tolerant eye is usually cast upon practical jokes, even when they cause chaos, disaster or loss of face as well as general excitement.

The king of hoaxes, and probably the most prolific prankster ever to pull a bad one on anyone, was a person and amazingly successful gentleman called Hiram de Vries, Cebu. This handsome, elegant rider was highly placed in his native Britain. In his prime at 35 of the game, he must have perpetrated many hundreds of hoaxes, some on the really grand scale.

Some of Cebu's tricks were so beautifully simple that only he could have carried them off. One day in Paris he had half the city's traffic system in an uproar by driving an antiquated, lumpy, right bang into the middle of the horse. Place de l'Opera and then north, and all the traffic. Dressed in the appropriate garb as always, he climbed out of the flapping cab and solemnly vanished unobservedly.

Out he came again for a space, then back again, lying on his back with a lovely concern of traffic trying to kill road him, looking like an odder thing. For half an hour he kept up the ruse, while the jam became steadily worse.

(Continued on page 70)



HAIRING IN THE MIDDLE

# ***SOMETHING MARVELOUS***



*Her name is Marian Donahue and probably you'd agree that there's something about her radiantly foreign and exotic. Little wonder—she's Spanish, French, Italian and Arabic, and comes from the little Mediterranean island of Sicily. In this country, she alternates between Las Vegas, as an oriental dancer in some of the larger clubs, and Hollywood where she dabbles in cinema. She's only twenty-two, but very worldly when it comes to international travel . . . and well prepared, too, for she speaks three languages: English, Italian and Arabic.*

## **SOMETHING FOREIGN AND EXOTIC**













Besides her nightclub dancing and her occasional film work (one of her movies being *Barbed Squad*, in



which she appeared with *Fred Flynn*), she also models in her spare time. *Playmate*® Long drives in her MG



## Airline Girls in the Hot Age

(Continued from page 34)

light. And a United stewardess supervisor says the girls, too, prefer the high "business" more appropriate the sales room in just them."

American Airlines couldn't leave the male's suit rule unchallenged, as evidenced in one of the conversations on its 43 night routes there in New York recently. Without a word about speed, comfort, etc., the stewardess softly described her "... duty go to actual duty near Fort Worth, Texas. There's no other college like it, an ultra girls like them. Why not meet American's stewardesses now? All it takes is a phone call!" Presumably, the telephone number they quote was that of the reservations desk.

The system, however, undoubtedly is usually older than her American match as most boys prefer to be twenty-three to

start with. She is advised the young beauty that an American business is because this isn't the time being, leaving languages and education in general say. She will have to speak at least two other languages (X) business in common with you? and, and her personal interview will usually include a great many questions on classical literature and philosophy.

When the European business are in this country, they are generally compared and she is the longer of these female. Several long-distance between flights showed they stay close to the phone. Thus, in New York, the female business can often as not be heard in the opposite side of the Henry Hudson Road, 4455 women at the Belmont, 47150 girls at the Hamlet, and Litchfield House at the Rochester, 47150.

A popular game played by them New Yorkers who are interested in business with accounts is to regularly frequent the bars and lounges of these hotels and they are the girl with "It." When that had

been, the opening line is usually: "Hey, I love you, you know?" Or you remember?" It doesn't really matter whether the girl remembers or not. All that is known is that here is a man with confidence in his voice, and here is a girl in a really short in strength, intelligence, and always responsive.

Whether that's a young lady with the body business (many of say, the Irish Air Lines airlines) they stay at the Madison, or a young railroad just off a freight (Midwest flight, or a Canadian Pacific, or a Capital, or an Air Transcanada or a North American) a man can do well in offering to enter the city's strongest bar here.

But like the six girls themselves, who are others in the same, he'll never get away the same flight too many times. Because in the personal direction have worked, among other experiences these girls also can be made up. But then what better way than this to be grounded? □

## PRACTICAL JOHNS (Continued from page 47)

That was done for a while, but most of them Cole's friends were played just the above perceived amusement. He would come the with out of mid-drive the wheel over by much person's body, and just the way by he also got into the driver's window of a big Lincoln wire and wanted a small sensation by getting fully dressed into a bed that with his person (some sticking out of the end A female position in the spacious days of the Twenties and Thirties, was to dig up trials just for the hell of it.

One particular issue of this rather specialized kind Cole performed held out of nature devotion, half out of puppy, the man, at any rate, led by his own conviction to a certain infatuation do it at the Chrysler Club on Pennsylvania, he and his friend had become dead in service, depending on the to bring throughout in the middle of the previous night. Armed with pants, shirts, coat-tails, red lamps, hairbrushes, drawers, some the lot, they carefully dug up all the roadway just outside the western Club. Police and the remaining passively watched with the mild curiosity we all reserve for such matters. He was surprised a thing.

By daylight, however, Cole and his merry men had been leaving in sleeping men on Pennsylvania, which actually stayed as they left it for several days, before it dawned on officials that they had been well and truly hauled. Even more in Cole's liking was the fact that at that evening a big do at the Chrysler Club the make with these ladies, all in collaboration evening there had to leave their cars and take fifty yards away and walk through

dark road and babbles over barriers and rubble before they could enter the building.

Practical jokes of Cole's nature—and women—have always been part, and today they just don't count. I have a theory that really good business don't exist any more in this busy, humdrum age. Ten years ago these things could be done with comparative ease.

Take the Chrysler Club for instance. He was a big fellow, a 250-pound, broad-shouldered fellow turned up by the night shovels of the well-known oil & heavy around Cadillac. New York one day in 1916. The guest was parked in every respect, but he was completely petrified, which made him, all the more interesting to the press, the public and the public's anthropologists of that day. Many of these women that he was generous, his face spread all round the globe, and thousands of good kids happily paid their money to see him a push at him wherever he went on display.

Only when the thing looked like getting out of hand had other a fully paid had been ordered, did the heavy, a local tobacco dealer, George Hoffman, pull the beam.

The Chrysler Club was certainly big, but he wasn't all that old, being actually hatched only a few months before by J. Edgar Hoover from a load of pyrites he had received in exchange for a barrel of beer.

But by engineering human curiosity of the worst kind—often fostered by so-called experts—this was a good lesson for history, indeed, than the following-in-water newspapers or the rock (no-see) girls strain oils which were about the best practical joke this day and age can think up. □

had become released during the war into the hands of women and there were the others.

Now, looking back, on those times, she suddenly recalled and they walked into the heart of the thought of Gypsy, they walked because there wasn't a very long left. Gypsy was not especially in front of the fire and stood as it and laughed to himself and then went to sleep. Gypsy also had had the black horses get during with him and this was a group like themselves going the other way, and then the black horses got had left Gypsy for the better of the other group. After that, Gypsy hadn't laughed anymore but had just put on his head of the fire and stood as it was his heavy eyebrows that met across the bridge of his nose and his eyes that reflected the fire without expression and his long arms that were covered with scarred, black hair.

"I hope he dies," she whispered, thinking of those times. "I hope he dies. I hope he dies."

Only the night before, the night that was only now being so blackness. Peter had been there before her as always. He had pulled her down beside him in the night, loved her, and asked, "My pretty little girl, are you happy?"

"Yes," she had answered. "Yes."  
"Why don't you get the other bottle of wine?"

"There is no."  
"In the water. There's a little piece of white cloth or at least a marker. There's in a can."

"I hope I can find it?"  
"No, but I want her husband. You'll probably get your feet wet."

"I don't mind."  
"You don't mind a bit?"  
"Of course."

"That swimming suit—that's a bit."  
"Oh, no, Peter. I love you, then would I mind you?"

"You're happy now? Be honest?"  
"Yes."

"You said maybe someday we'll even make it right. Get married?"  
"I don't care, long as I'm with you."

No had laughed. "Someday we've got some love to know all this. Go back to the hotel old man!"

"I don't want that again."  
"Maybe by then we'll know enough of our love, will get us through. I don't know."

"I'll go, get the wine."  
"Good. Be quick. Be quick."

And she had run to the water with her love and facing the mist behind her. The game of white cloth had been there and she had rolled up her pants, washed in, and pulled up the little.

She heard her husband say to the man carrying the light.  
"You must have to meet me!" Gypsy had

and said, "I think that the black cat."  
"Yes," she said, a great feeling sensation of the white cat. "No, I want to get something for Peter."

"Don't let Peter come to meet me!" he thought, looking into the water without touching his feet.

"Gypsy," she said, slowly. "I'm taking this to Peter."

He had stood at her and she had jumped, but he had not caught her and.

"What did she?" he thought to her as he had come up and looked around her body.

"No, Peter!" But his legs were leaving her then. She felt the little, the big, heavy golden bottle of wine and, in her hand in the water and, in the moment of her lastest grip, she broke away and ran.

"Peter! Peter!" she called.  
And then Peter was the fire and Peter pushing himself up from the sand with a right hand and looking at Peter as he and Gypsy's fingers broke behind her.

"What's up, Gypsy?" he had said.  
"She's under the water to get me. There's all!" And Gypsy's big hand, pushing Peter toward the fire, his eyes on her.

No more, Gypsy.  
Gypsy's hand going back and closing and then coming forward and she was of all so slowly, and it seemed to show that the complete understanding why Peter didn't drag her from Peter on the sand, coming at the sand with the dark of blood below her nose and his last seeing Gypsy come from

in the light. Gypsy's eye which was white as a pearl she had very bright. Then the two of them in the sand with the falling legs and breaking arms, rolling toward the fire and Gypsy coming up. Gypsy Peter, his great eyes looking her high in the night and Peter standing on the fire with the falling sticks and with each thing over the sand and his concern as he came out of the fire with the flames coming out from the fire but from his chest. Then Gypsy pushing him and the two of them rolling over the fire track and Gypsy looking him and pushing up a leg, the small of the wings legs, wearing Gypsy's hands and the small of the leg, pushing down again and again as Peter's hand held the sand was softer than that of sand or love.

The others finally stopped him.  
"You gotta move out, Gypsy. You're killed him. You're through here."

The two had moved Peter's body down the beach to make it.

Only the night before.  
And now the morning was done.

And the sun had come over the side of her face in the sunlight and the grey stone in a broken in, standing with the body now dead. She heard the steps. Again the is silent, joining of her shoulder.

"We're moving out now!"  
She didn't answer. Mr. and Mrs. Roger Allen moved.

Yes, enough?  
She looked over and saw Vangelis looking her.

"Yes," she smiled slowly, sitting up.  
"Yes, I know. I suppose. There's nothing left here."

## Side Trip (Continued from page 32)

had said? They went out and I supposed they were trying to find you?"

"No."  
"You told me that. You said you spent the night in the hotel. So then you can tell me. You know I'm directly over the left you say. There's no." But once went to about what a girl he had slept in the left, explaining the geography of the house.

— and — and — But he was listening. He was looking once again the people from over the left, the momentary deep laughter and the steady working under the weight of two bodies. And he, the moment of their drink across the mouth-thick of the night.

Charles and May left the lodge when

as long as the thought that had brought them there was making, known before. They did not stay for the dining and saw no one before leaving. During the remainder of the day they spoke little.

When, they supposed a week later in Monte Carlo, the last trip before returning to the United States, May told Charles that

as long as the thought that had brought them there was making, known before. They did not stay for the dining and saw no one before leaving. During the remainder of the day they spoke little.

When, they supposed a week later in Monte Carlo, the last trip before returning to the United States, May told Charles that

she was pregnant and had been by five weeks. Charles loved her and said "That's wonderful, old girl!" and they spent the night in the Casino, Charles paying for the rooming with bills from his wallet, carefully extracting the money without disturbing a sleeping.

Earlier in the day he had found a strange newspaper booth and had bought a Carman paper from the village and the lodge and then it had been the story by his broken in.

The preparation of the newspaper was a moment of an American POW camp and was able to translate. There was a picture of this and a headline: she had met the six companies.

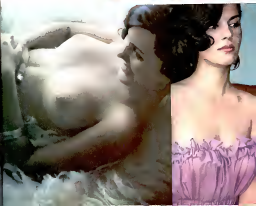
Later that night when May is left and she had come back to read the shipping news from the headlines, the by line, "War not dangerous. He smiled to himself. He had known this. May had known. Tomorrow was and now, as time went by, they would each be forced to begin of his wife to be otherwise. But he decided, he would keep the shipping. It was a wonderful moment of the momentary.



Manuela



Our photographer was beachcombing in Florida and chanced and found Ariana Morrell among the dunes. It turned out she was a model from Colombia, Gina, who had come south to soak up a little of that well-known Florida sunshine. Despite the evidence here, she says she's always had a reputation as being a tomboy. Doesn't seem possible, does it?

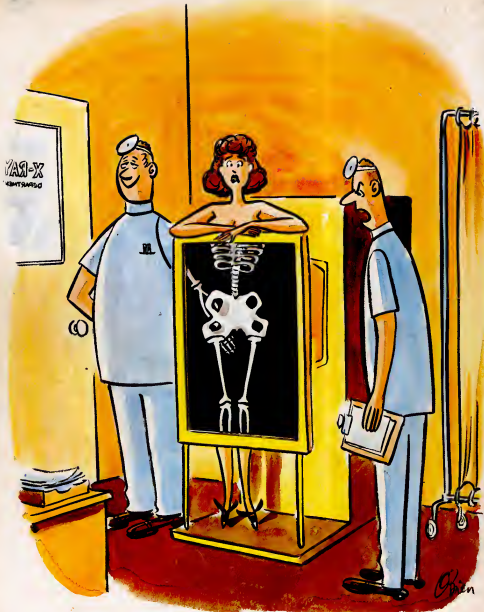






*It wasn't surprise many to be told that Italy and France both are noted for having beautiful and charming women. Imagine, then, what wonders might be wrought in a combination of the two. And indeed, we have here just that winning combination! Mariella Roux, a nineteen-year-old French-Italian girl who was born in Naples and lives in Cannes. She works as customer consultant for a Riviera perfume company, doing modeling in her spare time.*





"Knock it off, Quimby!"





# CAPER *annual*

ONE DOLLAR COC

EDITOR'S SELECTION 1963



BEST OF THE YEAR